Henry Brooksbank

f 111

1642. d 11.

Watts

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK,

A

GALLI-*MAUFRY*

OF

BRITISH BEEF

WITH THE

CHOPP'D CABBAGE

OF

GALLIC PHILOSOPHY

AND

RADICAL REFORM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF TOPSY-TURVY, SALMAGUNDI, &c.
(G. Huddesford)

——————————Liberius si
Dixero quid, si fortè jocosius: hoc mihi juris
Cum veniâ dabis. Hor. S. Lib. I. Sat. 4.

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1799.

Entered at Stationers Hall.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Who was Chancellor then

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR

OF

GREAT BRITAIN,

IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF

THAT URBANITY

WHICH GIVES LUSTRE TO THE DIGNITY OF

HIGH OFFICE,

THIS TRIFLE

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY AN HUMBLE BUT STAUNCH FRIEND

TO THE

EXISTING LAWS,

CONSTITUTION,

AND

GOVERNMENT

OF HIS COUNTRY.

——For ever let them last.

Shakesp. Rich. III.

BRITISH MUSEUM

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK.

BARDS, in remoteſt ages born
E'er Grandſire Jove his beard had ſhorn,
Taught by the Muſe, whene'er they choſe,
To Heav'n were wont to ſoar like crows,
But they have left us no memorial
To prove their flights were flights corporeal;
Hence we the volant part ſuſpect
To have been Nous, or Intellect,
While body ſnug on earth kept houſe
After his own inventions, Nous,

A whor-

A whoring, e'er his comrade miſs'd him,
Scamper'd above the ſolar ſyſtem:
Heav'n's King no ſooner ſent a ſummons
To his celeſtial Lords and Commons,
Than, cloſe upon the rear of each,
Nous flew to hear his Gracious Speech;
The conſequent Addreſs he noted—
What patriot Gods th' Amendment voted,
What Goddeſs made Olympus' portal
Eccho the din of lungs immortal.—
Jove's parliament but ill accords
With ours,—We boaſt an Houſe of Lords
Who, to aſſiſt in their deciſions
Admit no Lady Politicians,
Though their good lordſhips all connive at
Ladies who legiſlate in private:
But in the regions over-head
Divinities are better bred:
Heav'n's courteſy the Petticoat
Admits in parliament to vote,

Bills

Bills to prefer, and in long ſpeeches
Challenge pre-eminence of Breeches.——
From ſtock of male and female Orator
Here Nous his budget fill'd memoritèr;
Then in a trice to earth he ſtole,
Freighted with news for JOBBERNOL
His ſleeping partner, a muckworm, a
Dull dog who ſtuck to Terra firma,
And made it his grand occupation
To give the tidings circulation.
Hence Homer, Heſiod and Lucian
Treat us with ſuch divine confuſion,
While Gods above and Gods below
In hotbed verſe like muſhrooms grow:
Cupids diſplay their bows and quivers,
And Naiads, flound'ring in the rivers,
Braid their dank locks with creſs and ſedges;
And Dryads peer through hawthorn hedges.
'Neath branching elms in ſhady vales
Laſcivious Satyrs whiſk their tails,

Fauns breakfaſt upon hips and haws,
And Woodnymphs make with Pan faux pas.
Here Mermaids preſs their liquid pillows
And ſing to ſleep the growling billows,
Or make the raviſh'd Whales they chaunt to
In the churn'd ocean dance coranto.
With canzonettas and capricci's
Siren's catch Dilettanti Fiſhes,
With melting voice and wily looks
Allure John-dories to their hooks.
And Scate, and ſentimental Sturgeon,
To liſt their dulcet ſong emerging;
Bid Pilchards and elaſtic Grigs
Friſk to Scotch reels and Iriſh jigs;
Crabs caper to melodious rhyme,
And Lobſters with their tails beat time;
Eels circumvolving quit their holes
To ſhew they 've muſic in their ſouls;
Cod-fiſh with gills expanded wide
In cadence to the kettle glide,
And Soals come leaping to be fried.

And,

And, as the ſtrain harmonious ſwells,
Enamour'd Oyſters ope their ſhells,
To pleaſe each Chauntreſs fair and fickle;
Who ſome would eat and ſome would pickle.—

The heav'n-taught BARDS of whom I ſpeak
When time was young, in crabbed greek,
Th' atcheivements of celeſtial Legions
Detail'd among theſe lower regions.
The ſtrains which rais'd THEM to renown,
Into plain Engliſh melted down,
Make Boys, when once they 've learn'd to ſpell,
As erudite as Sidrophel.
In courts, cathedrals, armies, navies,
A blockhead 's now a "rara avis:"
This no extraordinary fact is,
For who 'd the ſelf-denial practiſe
That goes to conſtitute a dunce,
Where Youths can eat and learn at once?
At once in wiſdom grow and ſtature
By batt'ning upon literature?

Where

Where league 'twixt belly 's form'd and head
By Alphabet of Gingerbread,
Whoſe erudition appertains
To chitterlings as well as brains,
Which boys, whom matrons ſage commend,
Digeſt before they comprehend :
Dry-nurſes, and Doctores blandi*
Inſtruction blend with ſugar-candy ;
Puerile propenſities diſcerning,
Make the Red-lane the road to learning ;
With ſpice and treacle in alliance
They mould the elements of ſcience ;
Œconomiſts of birch, cajole us
With many a literary bolus,
Whoſe more refin'd ingredients gain
A lodgement in the pericrane,
And would full oft betray our fancies
To literate extravagancies,

*——————Ut pueris olim dant cruſtula blandi
Doctores; elementa velint ut diſcere prima.
Hor. Sat. 1.

If not prevented, e'er we grow men,
By ballaſt-learning in abdomen.

Hence ſchool-boys flout the birchen tree:
That weed of Ariſtocracy,
So many ages miſapplied,
No longer wounds Tyronic hide.—
In theſe enlighten'd days is Birch
Preparative for State or Church?
No.——Let us be no more beguil'd
By "ſpare the rod and ſpoil the child,"
Nor heed the cry of ſurly Sam:*
Who tells us—tho' 'tis all a flam—
"Boy's heads, where flagellation fails,
Diſcharge the ranſom of their tails."
Though Greek and Latin heretofore
Were in requeſt, they 're NOW a bore.

* The late Dr. Samuel Johnſon.

"There is now leſs Flogging in our Great Schools than formerly, but then leſs is learned there; ſo that what the boys get at ONE END they loſe at THE OTHER."

Boſwell. Life of Johnſon, 8vo. Vol. II. P. 285.

We ſkim, from Abſtract and Tranſlation,
The cream of Claſſic information:
Like cream from London cows tranſlated,
Or butter-milk ſophiſticated.
*What Lad of Spirit cares a groat
How Diomed and Ajax fought,

* Nunc Athletarum ſtudiis.——
Hor. E. Lib. II. Ep. 1.

The good ſenſe of Engliſhmen, it is to be hoped, will not always ſuffer them to concede to the Science of Pugiliſm that importance which the groſs impudence and ſavage triumphs of its profeſſors ſo confidently claim:——

" ———quos et præſens, et poſtera reſpuet ætas."

yet who ſtill continue to obtrude themſelves upon an indignant and naufeated Public, as appears in the following Extracts from the Morning Prints.

" Laſt week a moſt deſperate Battle was fought about two miles from town in the Harrow road between a Hair-dreſſer and a Letter-carrier, both ſeconded by THE FIRST MEN IN THE ART OF PUGILISM.—The odds were much in favour of the hair-dreſſer before they began, but after one hour and fifty minutes, the moſt ſevere fighting it is ſuppoſed ever ſeen, Victory declared in favour of the Letter-carrier." Oracle, March 15, 1799.

" The PUGILISTIC Butcher and Duſtman had a very hard Battle on Monday laſt, in which they almoſt killed each other. They fought for Twenty Guineas each, and the Butcher was the Victor," True Briton, March 30, 1799.

and made his antagoniſt bite the duſt.

While

While at each other hurl defiance
The Sons of Pugilistic Science;
Who on black eyes and bloody nose
Read lectures to our Bond-ſtreet beaux,
Inſtruct Clerks-militant and Laymen
To ſparr with coal-heavers and draymen;
Make lords and crop-ear'd petit-maitres
Their proweſs prove on tavern waiters;
Challenge their corn-cutter and taylor
To arms, and catch contagious valour
From contact with each ragamuffin,
Big Ben, Mendoza, and the Ruffian.——
Who with Demoſthenes or Tully
The lining of his ſkull would fully,
While Demagogues of mickle worth
At Anniverſaries hold forth?
While T**rn*y, G*rr*w, G**y, and J*k**l,
E*ſk**e, law's Cock, its Chicken Michael, [M.a. Taylor]
Import their flow'rs of elocution
From Gallic ſoil of Revolution;

And make our Youth of all conditions
Turn democratic rhetoricians,
And prove in politics as knowing
As thoſe who ſet their tongues a going?
Lo! where, pot-valiant, they attack
The Miniſter behind his back,
Who, they 'll be ſworn, uſurp'd the helm
On purpoſe to undo the realm;
In John Bull's cuſhion planted thorns,
And took him roundly by the horns—
(Was ever Beaſt ſerv'd ſuch a trick!)
When he was prancing to Old Nick.
Who clapp'd a padlock on his muzzle,
Maugre F*x, L**d**d*le, and R****l,
When, ſeiz'd like other horned Cits
With Revolutionary fits,
Amidſt his diſaffected ſwarm
He bellow'd treaſon at Chalk Farm!

But to return from whence we ſtarted:—
Though knowledge by Old Books imparted

In th' eſtimate is mouldy grown
Of Thoſe who have too much o' their own:
(Juſt as the Sun's illuſtrious ſplendour 's
An eye-ſore to our candle-venders
For each dark ſpot upon his face
Who 'd plant a thouſand in its place;
With long ſucceſſion of eclipſes
Bronze his complexion like a gypſy's,
And bid in fogs his beams lie fallow
So 'twould but raiſe the price of Tallow:)
Still he who patiently explores
Old erudition's claſſic ſtores,
Whoſe ſteps from Faſhion's heights decline
To trace the depths of Learning's mine,
Tho' cart-loads of black-letter'd lumber,
Its tracts voluminous encumber,
Some Text may light on, or Narration
That 's pregnant with edification.
As in old Miſer's cabinet,
With cobwebs fring'd, by worms half eat,

Bright guineas lurk or gems that ſparkle
Within its private draw'r or dark hole.
Thus, while the feats of thoſe Tall Fellows
He reads, the offſpring of Dame Tellus,
Who brav'd the Ruler of the ſky,
Th' Obſerver ſees, with half an eye,
The fabling Seers anticipate
PHILOSOPHY OF MODERN DATE,
Who by profeſſion 's bound, and calling
Authority to combat all in;
Whoſe giant-appetite devours
Thrones, principalities, and powers,
Eſtabliſhments delights in munching;
Takes a Cathedral for its luncheon,
And kindly condeſcends to ſate
It's hunger on communion plate,
Chalice, or conſecrated flagon
Like Wantley's ſacrilegious Dragon.*

* Houſes and Churches
Were to Him Geeſe and Turkies;
He ate all and left none behind:
&c. Dragon of Wantley.
See Pills to Purge Melancholy.

A true

from R. Berry's Dragon of Wantley
long after the Publication of "Pills to purge"

A true Philoſopher and ſound,
Who ravag'd all the country round,
Effecting its Regeneration
By Gallic modes of Deſolation.——

Let then Refinement's ſeminaries,
From tales of cocks and bulls and fairies,
Revert to that abandon'd page,
Whence Arch-rebellion's priſtine rage
Our democratic youths enlightens,
And bids them emulate the TITANS:
For theſe, like FAYETTE, the perfection
Of duty plac'd in Inſurrection,*
And (while the fervours SIEYES felt †
Glow'd underneath each Giant's belt)
To ſweep down all diſtinctions ſtrove
And make a Citizen of Jove——

* "Le plus Saint Devoir de l' Homme eſt L'Inſurrection."
La Fayette.

† "As ſoon as I began to diveſt myſelf of the prejudices with which my education had been infected, I felt the HOLY SPIRIT OF INSURRECTION kindle in my heart."
M. l' Abbé Sieyes to the Convention.

For

For Majeſty, whom, while a child,
Sceptres and globes and crowns beguil'd,
Diſdain'd, ſince he of age was grown,
His gilded cradle of a Throne;
And had from thence transferr'd his ſtate
To ev'ry Ragamuffin Pate,
Wherein, if any brains be found,
He turn'd 'em round and round and round,
Till, (as the Legion-ſpirit ſtirr'd
To ecſtaſy th' infuriate herd,)
He drove them headlong to the Sea
Of overwhelming Anarchy.

They ſwore it was a monſtrous thing
The Thund'rer ſhould be call'd HEAV'N'S KING
*The IMPRESCRIPTIVE RIGHTS of Giants
They knew:—ſo bade him bold defiance;

* Impreſcriptive Rights——"Droits impreſcriptibles," a favourite expreſſion of French Philoſophers.——Rights paramount to all the antiquated prejudices reſpecting equity, property, integrity, honour, charity, and Religion.
See Topſy Turvy, 3d Edition, Page 14.

Vow'd

Vow'd his ſupremacy to level
And with his Gods to play the devil:
*Intrinſic Sov'reignty, they ſaid,
Exiſts but in the Governed,
Who 're bound to wage 'gainſt Governors
Eternal, internecine wars:
And, ſince 'twas their "ſublime vocation"
T' effect Heav'n's diſorganization,
Wherefore ſhould their enormous brood
(Miſcall'd "the Swiniſh Multitude,")

* Such a latitude of audacity did theſe primæval Republicans allow themſelves that they made no more ceremony of aſſaulting the Great Synod of the Gods than of anticipating the ſentiments of the Great Enlighteners of Mankind.—for BRISSOT, in one of his letters, declares; "We, the French, muſt ſet fire to the four corners of Europe." Camilla Deſmoulins, in his reply, aſſerts, "that TO DISORGANIZE EUROPE WAS ONE OF THE SUBLIME VOCATIONS OF THE CONVENTION."——Briſſot in his addreſs, aſks: "What did enlightened Republicans wiſh before the tenth of Auguſt? (the day on which the King was dethroned.) Men who wiſhed for liberty not only for their own country but for all Europe? They believed that they could generally eſtabliſh it by *exciting the Governed againſt the Governors, and letting the People ſee the facility and advantage of ſuch Inſurrections.*

See Harper's Obſervations.

That

That monſtrous maſs of eye-leſs matter*
Vouchſafe Omnipotence to flatter?
Why, ſubject to th' Almighty's Yoke,
Should fane aſpire or altar ſmoke?
Let energy of bold emprize
Spread Revolution through the ſkies;
From his high throne, in ruin hurl'd,
Daſh the diſpoſer of the world;
And bid ferment with Freedom's leaven
The Ariſtocracy of Heaven!

Behold Typhœus, horrid form,
Foremoſt advance the impious ſtorm,
The features mar of Nature's face,
Make Oſſa Pelion's mighty baſe;†
Then mount aſtride their apex high,
Like riſing ſcum of Anarchy!——

* Monſtrum, horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.

† —— Conjuratos cœlum reſcindere fratres,
Ter ſunt conati imponere Pelio Oſſam.
Verg. Georg. I.

Ence-

Enceladus at Pallas launch
Whole forests torn up root and branch,
As easily as the GREAT NATION
Tears up all sacred obligation!
Porphyrion, Rhœcus, sturdy Mimas
Burn Temples and abolish High Mass!—
High Mass, perhaps the Reader says,
Had no existence in those days.
Granted.—but if it had, I trow
These Blades had soon laid High Mass low;
And humbled ev'ry Mitred Nob
In vile prostration to the MOB:
The Mob, before whose fierce bravadoes,
E'en philosophic Reformadoes,
Fell Desolation's work pursuing,
Quake at the storm themselves are brewing.
MOB ROYAL, and his royal CUBS,
The Majesty of spades, and clubs,
Drays, dung-carts, besoms, mops, and matches.
Hamlet's gaunt King of shreds and patches.*

* ~~[illegible]~~ A King
Of shreds and patches———
Hamlet. Act II. Scene 3d.

Whoſe awful mandate ſays expreſs:
*Let people, nations, languages,
My potent ſov'reignty adore
As they, of old, fell down before
The Idol of th' Aſſyrian King;
Juſt ſuch another ſenſeleſs thing:
Though here my Simile runs croſs,
Since his was Gold, our Idol 's Droſs.

Oh had ſucceſs but crown'd theſe Hectors
And giv'n Olympus FIVE DIRECTORS
†(For juſt ſo many Rebel pates
Venuſium's Bard enumerates.)
Our WHIG CLUB, had it then exiſted,
Would in their quarrel have enliſted:

* To you it is commanded, O people, nations, and languages!
That——————ye fall down and worſhip the Golden Image that Nebuchadnezzar the King hath ſet up. Daniel. Ch. III.

† Typhœus, Mimas, Rhœcus, Porphyrion, Enceladus.
Vide Hor. Od. Lib. III. Od. 4.

*For

*For Whigs they were, of the old leaven,
Who *firſt* made breach of peace in Heaven:
And what do Whigs of modern days
But kindle wild ſedition's blaze?
Expectant, in the conteſt's iſſues,
Themſelves to ſeize thoſe loaves and fiſhes
Which they can never hope to bite
While honeſt men enjoy their right:
As pettifogger's dirty wiles
Set John a Nokes on Tom a Stiles,
To prove by deſp'rate courſe of law
His title to a barley ſtraw,
Reckleſs of a whole county's curſes
So they can drain the Loobies' purſes.

But Jove, to keep theſe Rebels under
Unlock'd his magazine of thunder.

* The Devil was the firſt o' the name
From whom the race of Rebels came,
Who was the firſt bold undertaker
Of bearing arms againſt his Maker.
Butler. Miſc. Thoughts.

Launch'd his avenging bolts, and ſear'd
With lightning's flaſh Rebellion's beard.
*Here Juno down Olympus' ſtaircaſe
Kick'd ſturdy Mimas' recreant carcaſe:
Here Pallas threw away her diſtaff
And crack'd Typhœus' ſkull with his ſtaff:
Apollo there with ſhaft unerring
Porphyrion ſlew dead as a herring:
Here Vulcan ſtrives to find in vain,
With his ſledge-hammer, Rhœcus' brain:
Here Jove Enceladus o'erwhelms,
Who with up-rooted oaks and elms†

* Sed quid Typhœus et validus Mimas
Aut quid minaci Porphyrion ſtatu
Quid Rhœcus . . . . .
Contra ſonantem Palladis ægida
Poſſent ruentes? hinc avidus ſtetit
Vulcanus, hinc Matrona Juno, et
. . . . . .
Delius, et Patareus Apollo.

† ——————Evulſiſque truncis
Enceladus jaculator audax.

Hor. Od. Lib. III. Od. 4.

Put

Put to the proof celeſtial patience,
And cudgell'd all the Conſtellations;
Frighten'd the Planets from their tracks,
And made the Stars pay window tax,
Or, beaten black as chimney ſweepers,
Shut up their everlaſting peepers:
Put the Spheres' Muſic out of tune,
Swore he 'd eject the Man i' the Moon;
Though a fine fellow of his inches,
He 'd fire his Buſh, eat up his Green-cheeſe,
His Claret, at a ſup, abſorb it,
And fuſtigate him round his orbit.——
But Jove reſolv'd the Braggadocio
Should ne'er from this time forth his noſe ſhew;
So gave him ſalt eel for his ſupper,
And pil'd Mount Ætna on his crupper.
*Pent underneath his mountain tomb
A living death's tremendous doom

* Fama eſt, Enceladi ſemuſtum fulmine corpus
Urgeri mole hac, ingentemque inſuper Ætnam
Impoſitam, ruptis flammam exſpirare caminis:
Et, feſſum quoties mutat latus, intremere omnem
Murmure Trinacriam, et cœlum ſubtexere fumo.
Virg. Æn. Lib. III.

The

The proſtrate Swagg'rer undergoes:
Yet ſtill with wonted rage he glows.
Oppreſs'd with more than mortal pain
He writhes and ſtrives to riſe in vain.
And, bellowing in deſpair and ire,
Black bile commix'd with ſulph'rous fire
Diſgorges: Through th' incumbent load
Burſting, th' impriſon'd flames explode,
To heav'n renew'd defiance bear,
And tell the Gods who ſent 'em there.——

Fam'd ORATOR of PALACE YARD,
Thy melting eyes O lend the Bard!
Lend him thy bowels of compaſſion,
And pathos of the neweſt faſhion,
To wail, with ſympathizing grief,
The fall of each INSURGENT CHIEF;
For when a rank Arch-rebel dies,
In F*x's civic eulogies
(Like homely jade by beauty-waſhes
Or ſugar-candy from molaſſes)

Regen'-

Regen'rated, transform'd, refin'd
He ſoars, the nobleſt of his kind,
Heroes and Demigods among,
A Gilded Fly from ordure ſprung.*

†Hung be the Shakeſpeare's bar with black
Stript off an undertaker's back!
The Club 's conven'd.—Yield day to night!
Waiter!—but half the candles light;
And half of that ſame half ſnuff out!
ENLIGHTEN'D WHIGS can dine without.
Cold be the cod-fiſh, cold the ſirloin.
The claret not worth two-pence ſterling,
The punch of brandy void and lemon,
The ſoup Black Broth of Lacedemon,
The beef ſteaks ſcorch'd, the oyſters ſtinking,
The port fit for the Devil's drinking,

* See Mr. Fox's Speech at the Whig Club, June 6, 1798.

† Hung be the heav'ns with black,—yield day to night!
Henry VI. Part I, A& I.

Half

Half boil'd too let the pudding come
A mealy waſte without a plumb ;
And let Dutch herrings ſhed their pickle
In ſympathy with tears that trickle
Down Oppoſition cheeks and noſes
While F*x, his friend's Apotheóſis
Proclaims, the ſolitary herald
Of all thy virtues, fell F***g****d !
its coral
To *kind* Oblivion loth to truſt
Defunct Rebellion's Sacred Duſt !——

So hails the Democratic Strain,
PHILOSOPHY, thy patriot reign !
So ſound the lore, ſo pure the theme
Of thine inebriate Académe !
Philoſophy !——Not Thou of old
Heav'n-born to bleſs an age of gold—
Whoſe penetrating glance deſcried
The bounds which Right from Wrong divide,
And on the wretch indignant frown'd
Who dar'd thoſe contraries confound ;

Philo-

Philoſophy, at whoſe command
Fled Anarchy and Strife the land,
Peace rais'd her olive-circled brow
And Plenty bloom'd on ev'ry bough;
Benignant at whoſe ſide enthron'd,
RELIGION her FAIR SISTER own'd;
While Both their inſtitutes combin'd
To humanize and bleſs mankind.——

Far other Characters ariſe!
Far other Proſpects court our eyes!
PHILOSOPHY REVERS'D we view:
Not of the Old School but THE NEW.
Philoſophy which ſets at nought
All that was dear and ſacred thought,
And leaves for Probity no room
In this World or the World to come:
Here decollates as uſeleſs lumber,
There dooms it to *Eternal Slumber.**

* "La Mort eſt un ſommeil eternelle."
Inſcription for a public Burial Place decreed by the French Convention 1793.

Philoſophy, of curſt extraction,
Whom Infidelity and Faction
Evok'd from midnight darkneſs Stygian
To plunder and proſcribe Religion,
And half th' inſenſate globe enſnare
With hollow ſmile and tinſel's glare:
As Paphos' Sov'reign meretricious
Roſe from the ſea ſo fair and ſpecious,
Yet, ſpite of all that lovers ſwore,
And poets lied, was but a wh—.
Philoſophy, inveterate foe
Of order, truth, and peace below,
Whoſe rancour never can be ſpent
'Till each rever'd Eſtabliſhment,
Eccleſiaſtical and civil,
Shall be ſent packing to the Devil.
Philoſophy, whoſe graſping hands
Spit tythe pigs, ſeize upon glebe lands,
Rob Churchmen of their Chriſtmas pye,
Diſpatch their brawn and roſemary; *

Beneath

* Roſemary made a part of the antient decoration of the Brawn's

Beneath the Cloyſter's hallow'd floor
Burrow, to ſap their cellar-door,
And broach their caſks of mellow'd juices,
Long ſet apart for pious uſes.——
Philoſophy, of Gallic climes,
Parent of unexampled crimes!
Philoſophy who, while ſhe clouds
Bright Revelation's day, unſhrouds
DARK-LANTERN OF REGENERATION,
That Will-o'-wiſp of the GREAT Nation,
Whoſe glimmering ſparkles emanate
From Rotten Pediment o' the State,
Juſt as ſtale fiſh and carrion traſh is
Known to emit electric flaſhes.

Brawn's or Boar's Head,—as appears from the ſubſequent ſtanza of an old Chriſtmas Caroll printed by Wynkyn de Worde, A. D. 1521.

" Caput Apri defero,
" Reddens laudes Domino.
" The Bore's Heed in hande bring I
" With Garlands gay and Roſemary,
" I pray you all ſing merely
" Qui eſtis in convivio."

But if perception's door be ſhut,
And denſity of occiput
Chance to make inadmiſſible
Her Gallic DARKNESS VISIBLE,
Philoſophy ſhall crack the pate
To let it in at any rate;
And all who dare to ſhut their eyes
'Gainſt its dim gleam *ſeptemberize*,
Or guillotine the dogs by ſhoals
Only for being blind as moles;
Or, if they venture to beſeech
Her pity, drown 'em all and each;
Or cut the varlets throats, or gibbet 'em
On Tree of Liberty ad libitum,
Where influence bleſt of Gallic ſky
Their dark Ariſtocratic dye
May bleach to pure Democracy.

PHILOSOPHERS! ye grand Empiricks!
Had I the gift, in founding Lyricks,

I'd

I 'd ſpread your praiſe from clime to clime,
And ſoar above this ſcurvy rhyme;
Who fractious patients bring to reaſon
By quaint inciſions of the weazon:
Who doſe with Exile to Guiana,
Inſtead of Ipecacuanha,
To cleanſe from contumacious matter
The vitals of the Legiſlature:
Adminiſter, to cure all ills,
Your grand ſpecific, Leaden Pills,
Which purge us of Ariſtocrats,
Had they as many lives as cats,
And unconcern'd to Charon's ſteerage
Conſign our Hierarchy and Peerage;
Send them, where—, hous'd in their laſt home,
The Kings of Brentford and of Rome,
Where Numa, Romulus, and Ancus,
Hippocrates and Saltinbancoes,
Where Vermin-catchers, Law-expounders,
Retailers of ſtale jokes and flounders,

Does this mean John Holcroft who wrote a Biography of L. Mansfield at the end of the book

And thoſe incorrigible curs
Conveyancing Biographers,
And knights o' the pad who rob and ſtop men,
Mayors, Marquiſſes, and Monmouth ſhop men,
Tapſters, and Conventicle praters
Goſpel—and gin-ſophiſticators;
Queſt mongers and Quodlibetarians,
Varlets who ſet mankind at variance;
Numſkulls, and Critics ſharp as needles,
Phlebotomiſts, and Pariſh beadles,
Gallic director, and Dog-ſtealer,
Bear-leader, brawn and ſturgeon dealer,
Chiropodiſt and Cambrian ſquire
All toaſt their cheeſe at the ſame fire.*——

There your Whitehaven Collier's ſoul
Muſt find itſelf at home t' a hole,
Who to the Lord has ſworn allegiance
O' the ſecular infernal regions;†

* Ἐνθ' ἰῇ τιμῇ Ἴρος κρείων Ἀγαμεμνων,
Θερσίτῃ δ' ἴσῳ Θέτιδος παῖς ἠυκόμοιο. Homer.

† The Earl of L**dſd***c.

Serv'd

Serv'd an apprenticeſhip to night
And darkneſs choſe rather than light,
Since, deep as it may chance to go,
He 's ſtill but in the SHADES BELOW.

There, from terreſtrial ſtage diſmiſs'd,
Bravo deſcends, and Pugiliſt;
And not unſuitably with Them mix
The ſable corps of fierce Polemics,
For, though the Sacred Statutes warn all
'Gainſt putting truſt in weapons carnal,
Sturdy Polemics care not three pence,
But fight with Pens, *their* Carnal Weapons.
No mortal blood theſe weapons drink
'Tis true, but charge of mortal ink,
That black combuſtible, let fly
I' the cauſe of Type or Myſtery;
And Thoſe who wield 'em, not content
To maim th' Oppoſer's argument,
Traduce his character, call names,
And doom him to eternal flames.——

*What

*What rage impels grave Theologians
To loggerheads like Greeks and Trojans!
What phrenzy makes of rev'rend grandfires
Eccleſiaſtical Drawcanſirs!——

Diſcretion 's to Polemic courage
The ſame as pepper to peaſe porridge; †
Which, when 'tis eat un-pepper'd, gripes
With flatulency mortal tripes;
And ſets the Chitterlingian clan ‡
At variance in our inward man;
Where, as our tubes inteſtine ſoak,
Porridge excites pneumatick croak,

* Tantæne animis Cœleſtibus Iræ!
The learned and pious Sir Henry Wooton deſired theſe Words might be inſcribed on his Monument,
Hic jacet hujus Sententiæ primus Auctor:
"Prurītus disputandi Scabies Ecclesiæ."

† The better part of Valour is Diſcretion. Shakeſpeare. Hen. IV. Part I.

‡ A moſt irritable and contentious Clan.——See the relation of its fierce and tragical rencounter with Colonels, Mawl-chitterling, and Cut-rudding the younger; as given by Maſter Francis Rabelais. Book IV. C. 41.

Tuning

Tuning to baſs or treble key 'em;
And diſcord fills peritonéum:
Thus Zeal, not pepper'd with Diſcretion,*
To th' Evangelical profeſſion
Noxious alike, has often rent
The bowels of th' ESTABLISHMENT:
Each varying blaſt of Doctrine vain
Inflames her diſputatious train;
Oft vex her frame inteſtine drubs
And military Mulligrubs,
And Controverſial cholic wrings
Our Mother Church's chitterlings.——
What 's worſe—this peſtilent exploſion
Of Controverſy puts in motion
The ſpawn of GODWIN and TOM PAYNE;
Wo tell their dupes that wordly gain
Is the true cauſe which ſets by th' ears
Her venerable Cavaliers.
That, while they "Orthodoxy" bawl,
They 're ſquinting at Prebendal Stall;

* Vis conſilî expers. Hor. Od. Lib. III. Od. 4.

While they proteſt "our Faith 's in danger,"
Pant for preferment's rack and manger.——
This too Diſſenters ſets agog,
Who, hank'ring for the Church's prog,
And, four'd with ſpleen, are ever ready
To ſcandalize the Good Old Lady:
Theſe fain would jealouſies create
Betwixt Her and her ſpouſe, the State:
"Who 's bound in duty to diſcard her
"Becauſe ſhe excludes them from her larder,
"And keeps for her own pamper'd chits
"Her dainty morſels and tid-bits."——
This is th' Offence and Stone of Stumbling
That ſets their godly gizzards grumbling:
Hence, mad with ſpleen, Sectarian Shrews
Lay halters in her deſks and pews;*
O'erleap her pale, her paſtures forage,
And ratſbane ſtrew beſide her porridge;

* Who gives any thing to Poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, ——— hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; ſet ratſbane by his porridge, &c. Lear. Act III. Sc. 4.

With

With lunatic Bans ſtun and fright her,
Threat'ning with Unitarian Nitre
T' involve in ſudden conflagration
Her antient orthodox foundation.*
Hence, as his pockets empty grow,
Sectary, by inverſe ratio,
Preſuming his Idea-caſe
Is full of Inward Light and Grace,
Concludes to hide would be a ſcandal
The flame of Reformation-candle
Beneath a buſhel or a bed; †
So from braſs candleſtick, his head,
Makes hypocritical pretence
Illumination to diſpenſe,

* See Dr. PRIESTLEY's exultation while he is anticipating the overthrow of the Hierarchy and the Grand Exploſion of our Church Eſtabliſhment by thoſe *Trains of Gunpowder* which *he* has been *properly diſpoſing* in order to blow up its OLD BUILDING OF ERROR AND SUPERSTITION.
Prieſtley's Importance of Free Enquiry, &c. p. 40, &c.

† Is a Candle brought to be put under a buſhel, or under a bed, and not to be ſet on a candleſtick?—Luke IV. 22.

And light us to diſcern each rent
And wrinkle of the Eſtabliſhment.
Pious munificence arraigns,
Vows betwixt benefice and brains
He cannot find the leaſt conjunction,
But (ſo debas'd each ſacred function!)
That colliflower wig the wearer
Serves for a cloud t' envelop error;
Short-caſſoc's figleaf to defect
And nakedneſs of Intellect;
And blocks from timber-yards and quarries
Are ſymbols of Church-dignitaries.

Sectarians thus the Church aſſail,
(Loſers are privileg'd to rail)
And ſacrilegiouſly make ſport
Of GRIZZLE-WIG and CASSOC SHORT;
While Churchmen the falſe charge repel
And could, if it were true, as well:
For if tall greyhounds uſeleſs grown
May into terriers be cut down*—

* See Baron Monchauſſen's Travels.

If

If beards of kings make jerkins' trimming*—

And ſuperanuate Wits old women†—

If Wig that grac'd a Judge's nob

Moult to an Under-ſheriff's Bob—

And if, oblivious of its buckle,

That Bob to ſerve a Shoe-black truckle‡—

* See the *barbarous* requiſition which Ryance made to King Arthur for his beard to ſerve (together with the beards of eleven vanquiſhed princes) for fringe to his Mantle.—Old Ballad "When Arthur at Camelford kept his Court royal." Percy.

† "I fear," ſaid the late Lord Cheſterfield, complaining of ill health and incapacity to Mrs. Ann Pitt——"I fear Madam that I am growing an Old Woman."———"I am glad of it, my Lord, I was afraid You were growing an Old Man, which, Your Lordſhip knows to be a much worſe thing."—

‡ Of the evaneſcent nature of ſublunary grandeur we have a melancholy exemplification in the fate of a Judge's caſt-off Perriwig, whoſe decline and fall may be eaſily traced from the Bench to the Council-table, and from thence to the living blocks of Under-ſheriff, Clerk of the Court, and Javelin-man, 'till it is at length enliſted in the ſervice of a Cleaner of Shoes, and makes its exit in the capacity of Harbinger to the Blacking-bruſh.

"To what baſe uſes we may return, Horatio! Why "may not imagination trace the noble duſt of Alexander, "till he find it ſtopping a bung-hole." Hamlet.

Sic tranſit Gloria Mundi!

If

If Spirit, as deep Myſticks ſtate,*
To Body may coagulate—
If Lords† may dwindle into Jews—
Jack-boots degenerate to ſhoes
As HENLEY‡ taught.—Can it ſurprize ye
Should ſpruce Incumbent (verſâ vice)
A Blunderbuſs already, ánon
Be metamorphos'd to a Canon:
Since the tranſition is no more
Than from a leſs t' a greater Bore.

* Mr. William Law the illuminated Diſciple of Jacob Behmen, whom Moſheim ſtyles Sutor Gorlicencis.

† As, for inſtance, a noble and notorious Inſtigator of Mob fanaticiſm and fury in the year 1780: whoſe ſun aroſe in riot and conflagration, and ſet in a Synagogue.

‡ John Henley, better known by the name of Orator Henley, a public declaimer and Author of a Weekly Paper called "The Hyp Doctor." The Audience that attended his Oratory near Lincoln's Inn Fields, was generally compoſed of the loweſt ranks, and he is well known to have once collected an infinite number of Shoe-makers, by announcing that he could teach them a moſt expeditious method of making Shoes, which proved to be no other than cutting off the tops of Ready-made Boots.

But

But ſtrait-hair'd Sectaries uncivil
And Whigs mendacious, who *ſpeak evil*
Of Dignities and Dignitaries,
(No favour ſure to find in théir eyes,
If we admit Saint Jude's opinion,)
Go farther and *deſpiſe Dominion.**
Loud murmurers, *complainers* theſe are,
Intolerant of Church and Cæſar:
At Shakeſpear Dinners *fearleſs feeders*
With parliamentary Seceders:
Predicted Mockers of the laſt time,
Who of authority make paſtime,
And preach to Democratic herds
Reſiſtance with *great ſwelling words:*

* Likewiſe alſo theſe filthy Dreamers deſpiſe Dominion and ſpeak evil of Dignities.
Theſe are Murmurers, Complainers,———
feeding themſelves without fear.———
The Apoſtles told you——there ſhould be Mockers in the laſt time———
and their mouth ſpeaketh great ſwelling words.
Gen. Epiſt. of Jude.

" Syſtem

" Syſtem* of Terror Robeſpierreal,—
" Freedom's ſad exile, death and burial—
" Deſpotic Bills to quell ſedition
" Abhor'd by VIRTUOUS OPPOSITION—
" The Sov'reign People—Age of Reaſon
" Pure Guilt†—and Patriotic Treaſon"—
Bid them take State and Church by ſtorm
Then: Hey, for RADICAL REFORM!!!—

As, when "Revenge Timotheus cried," ‡
And maudlin Greeks electrified,

* The Syſtem of Terror now attempted to be eſtabliſhed by Miniſters in this Country nearly approached to Deſpotiſm.—D. of Bedford's Speech, Whig Club, June 5, 1798.

I have no difficulty in ſaying that the preſent Syſtem of the Government of England is a Syſtem of Terror—the Syſtem of Robeſpierre.

The Principles of Liberty ſeem exiled from Mankind.

Mr. Fox's Speech at the Whig Club.
Courier, May 2, 1798.

† He (the Miniſter) had not ſcrupled to attack the very vitals of public liberty; and by *ill-founded* charges of High treaſon to attack the lives of *Innocent Men.*

Mr. Fox's Speech in Palace Yard, April 1797.

‡ Revenge! Timotheus cries——
- - - - - - -
The Princes applaud with a furious Joy,
And the King ſeiz'd a flambeau with zeal to deſtroy—

Dryden. Alex. Feaſt.

His

His ſtrains inſpir'd ferocious joy,
And zeal to level and deſtroy:
Such furious joy the Factious feel,
Such tranſports of deſtructive zeal
Inflame the diſaffected ſwarm,
At ſound of RADICAL REFORM.——
To Radical Reform Ye Whigs
Carouſe 'till Ye get drunk as pigs!
Applaud it with accordant throats
Ye CORRESPONDING Sans-culottes!
With acclamations three times three
Toaſt it Ye Lords of high degree,
With whom no ſenſe of ſhame prevails!—
Ye H*w*rds, R*ss*ls, L**d**d*les!
Whoſe wiſdom it may well beſeem
To lave your honours in the ſtream †
Of foul ſedition,—and, with Thoſe
Who eulogize their country's foes

† Unſafe the while, that we
Muſt lave our honours in theſe flattering ſtreams.
Macbeth. Act III. Sc. 2.

(Thoſe patriot-ranters and true Trojans
O'Connor's boſom friends and Grogan's)
Conjoin'd, like birds of the ſame feather,
Swear that you 'll live and die together.*—

Who ſhall preſume to analyſe
What patriot-peers ſo highly prize,
Of Radical Reform make known
The bleſſed operation?—Stone.
Didſt thou not, Stone, the doctrine hear†
Promulg'd by P*rley's holy Seer?
Pants not thy breaſt, with *tranſport* thrill'd,
To ſee his prophecy fulfill'd?

* "For his own part, he felt it his higheſt pride and gratification to avow that to the laſt moment of his life by *that Man* (Mr. Fox) he would ſtand or fall."

D. of Bedford's Speech at the Whig Club.
Courier, June 6.

† See a Letter from J. H. Stone to John H**ne T**ke made public on the Trial of the Rev. Mr. Jackſon at Dublin for High Treaſon, and given in the Sun, May, 1799, from which Letter an Extract is made in a ſubſequent Note, Page 46.

When

When Jacobin Reform uncheck'd
Shall take its radical Effect!
Liſt! each Whig-commoner and peer!
Whig-churchmen, Whig-diſſenters hear!
Whig-bards your patriotic fiction
Forego for Parſon H**NE's or prediction!
Acknowledge ye Whig-parſons all
Among the prophets BRENTFORD's SAUL!
Hear him denounce extermination
To each rank, party, and perſuaſion,
Anticipate the doom funereal
Of Dignity and State Imperial,
When Subjects ſhall not know ſubjection,
Nor *Touch prelatic ſhed infection,**
When Prebendary Vicar, Sexton,
When all who gloſs the ſacred Text on,
All *ſelf intitled* BABES of GRACE,
Their ſpiritual deſcent who trace

* A ſpirited alluſion of the Reverend John H**ne or T**ke's to the venerable rite of Epiſcopal Ordination.

And Apoſtolic pedigree
From Fiſhermen of Galilee,
And, to demonſtrate the relation,
Catch *Gudgeons* by vociferation; *

* Of the captivating Effects of Sectarian Stentoriſm we are furniſhed with an inſtance in point from the Journals of Mr. J. WESLEY, as cited by a late learned Prelate in his Doctrine of Grace, page 99, &c.——

"The next and more powerful operation was on his female friends; and theſe, he as fairly ſtruck dumb.——"The whole multitude were ſilent, while I was ſpeaking § Not a whiſper was heard. But the moment I had done, the *Chain fell off their tongues.* I was really ſurpriſed. Sure never was ſuch a cackling made on the banks of Cayſter or the Common of Sedgemoor!—And to *chain up* the tongues of five hundred cackling Goſſips he held, and with great reaſon, an exploit worth recording. Indeed he appears to have taken the moſt effectual method with them, that is TO OUT CLAMOUR THEM: for thus he meaſures out his own Stentoronic voice.—'Obſerving that ſeveral ſat on the ſide of the oppoſite hill, I afterwards deſired one to meaſure the ground; and we found it was ſeven ſcore yards from the place where I had ſtood. Yet the people there heard perfectly well. I did not think any human voice could have reached ſo far." WARBURTON on Grace.

Had the late ingenious SIR JOHN HILL been acquainted with the powers of our Arch-Methodiſt's full-mouth'd diapaſon, he might have ſpared himſelf the trouble of exploring the mouldy archives of the Royal Society for a Receipt——"How to wake a Norwich Weaver."

§ ——————— Omnis
Turba tacet,—verborum tanta cadat vis. Juv. Sat. 6.

'Trap

'Trap *Flat*-fiſh with Sectarian tackle
To ſtore-pond of the Tabernacle;
And anathématize and ban
Souls to the Devil's frying pan.*——
When Commiſſaries, Clerks, Inſpectors,
Eaſt India Nabobs and Directors,
When all our noble Peers and peers' kin,
All Barriſters—except Tom E*sk**e,—

* Ab hoc die et deinceps, de DEI BANNO ET NOSTRO bannimus ut Nemo hoc amplius preſumat, &c, &c.

Bannum Synodi Confluent:—Anno 860.

If Modern Saints are in general ſuch profound Agrammatiſts that they are conſtrained to circumſcribe their Anathemas within the ſcanty limits of their native language, which, by the bye, they treat as mercileſsly as the objects of their Maledictions,—and if they are conſequently unable to decorate Invective with the *elegant* Latinity of the above-cited Bannum Synodi Confluent: (Coblents) or with the flowers that bloom ſo luxuriantly in *Textu de Eccleſiâ Roffenſi per* ERNULPHUM *Epiſcopum*; (a FORMULA EXECRANDI of the firſt water; ſee Triſtr. Shand. Vol. III. Ch. 11.)—we muſt be content to take *the will* for the deed, and admit that the cordial ſincerity with which *è Conventiculo fulminante* they diſcharge their bans and balderdaſh at *profane* individuals and a *carnal* Church of England Eſtabliſhment amply compenſates the defect.

When

When Pittite, ay and Anti-pittite,
Like Hivite, Girgaſhite, and Hittite
Driv'n, without ſurplice, quoif, or bannian,
From REVOLUTIONARY CANAAN,
Promiſcuous Ruin ſhall o'erthrow
The Work of H**NE T**KE, STONE, and Co.*

* "And now, my Patriotic Friend, let me offer you my warmeſt and heart-felt Congratulations on the IMMENSE PROSPECT OF PUBLIC HAPPINESS which is opening before us: YOU are among the ſmall number of thoſe, who in the worſt of times have never deſpaired of the Cauſe of *Liberty:* and you are the ONLY ONE who, when the *Name* was *but a barbariſm amongſt us*, taught the great Principles of SACRED EQUALITY which we have ſo completely reduced to practiſe. I look forward, with tranſport and joy, to the moment when THE DOCTRINES WHICH YOU HAVE PREACHED ſhall receive their due accompliſhment; when the various parties of MINISTERIALISTS and OPPOSITIONISTS, DISSENTERS and CHURCHMEN, NOBLES, PRIESTS, and KINGS, ſhall ſink into one UNDISTINGUISHED MASS OF RUINS; *and nothing ſhall be ſeen or acknowledged but* THE PEOPLE, *the* SACRED VOICE OF THE PEOPLE."

Extract of a Letter from J. H. Stone, dated "*Paris, 25 Niveſe, Second Year of the Republic, One and Indiviſible,*" forwarded to John Horne Tooke, London, by the Rev. Mr. Jackſon convicted of High Treaſon, Dublin.

This

This you 'll acknowledge, One and All,
Is Reformation Radical.
This Reformation in the groſs is;
Beards, eye-brows, whiſkers, warts, and noſes,
Its patent Razor from your ſconce—Sir,
Sweeps, at one ſtroke like flaſhing Tonſor.
Beneath whoſe weapon hapleſs Curate
Bleeds (ah, what Rector could endure it!)
As oft as Saturday recurs
And ſees ſubaltern rev'rend Sirs,
Met by hebdomadary charter,
Briſtles retrench, and ſermons barter,
Read Anti-jacobin news-paper,
Whiff mild tobacco's friendly vapour,
And, hopeleſs of Vicarial Port,
To Cereviſian draught reſort
To lubricate and wet their whiſtles
For reading Goſpels and Epiſtles.——

Bid Semi-Reformationiſts
Declare wherein Reform conſiſts,

And,

And, laymen, cleric, whig, and tory,—
They tell us, each, a different ſtory.—
Hear one to amputation ſpur us
Of that ſtate-gangrene, *Rotten Boroughs*—
Liſt to another's diſmal croak:—
The Conſtitution 's craz'd and broke
And there's no hope it will be mended
While *Habeas Corpus* is ſuſpended.—
Diſſenters cry: "We for the beſt
Adviſe you Sirs:—*Repeal the Teſt!*
Give Us preferment, wealth, and Place,
We 'll gladly undertake your caſe:
And, though we ſay 't that ſhould not ſay,
The whole Materia Medica
Has nothing in it, we 'll aſſure you,
That like our *Alt'rative* can cure you."——
The recreant crew, Sedition's panders,
With groſs ſcurrilities and ſlanders
Who bait their country's friends, and worry her
Through Morning Chronicle and Courier,

And, Thoſe

Thoſe muddy channels of detraction,
Miſhapen forgery, and faction,
Cry: "Give us, in this Age of Reaſon,
" Carte blanche to vend and publiſh treaſon—
" Free ſcope afford our green-gooſe quills—
" Reſcind your d——d SEDITION BILLS—
" Deliver us from mortal fear
" Of PITT, the Nation's Charioteer;
" Precipitate him from his box,
" And to our Coryphœus, FOX,
" Entruſt the reins—diſtinctions level—
" And only let us to the devil
" Drive all your Miniſterial Train off,
" We 'll leave you nothing to complain of."——

In an old Book, that 's left i' the lurch
Save by queer folk who go to Church,
We read that ſafety 's to be found
Where learned Counſellors abound;
If then, in zeal for Britain's good,
Of Counſellors a Multitude

Opinions give profound as *Theſe*,
And of their Client aſk no fees,
(Unlike your trading Kings-bench Counſel
Who admonition by the ounce ſell)
Our Conſtitution ſafe and ſound
'Gainſt all attacks muſt ſtand its ground ——

Yet, 'though theſe Reformadoes wiſer
Than Solomon in their own eyes are,
They 're but reforming geeſe and calves
Who do their buſineſs by halves.—
Patrons of Courier, Poſt, and Chronicle!
Whig Sectaries, and Whigs canonical;
Chairmen of Oppoſition revels,
Whig Printers leagued with all your devils;
Quid-nuncs, who climb debating roſtrums,
What are Your Alterative Noſtrums
To H**NE T**KE's Reformation Broom,
That ſweeps an Empire to its doom! ——

Doctors of Med'cine grow renown'd
By dint of making ſick men ſound;

Fame-

Fame-ſeeking DOCTORS POLITIC
With trite harangues make ſound men ſick,*
And 'though they oft get nothing by 't,
Preſcribe and give advice for ſpite:
Patent pretend from Mob-authority
To purge a plethoric Majority,
And cure the ſturdy wights who thwart 'em
Of loyalty,—ſecundum artem.

* This was literally exemplified by the *Egotizing* BARRISTER, whoſe tide of eloquence, however it may inundate Weſtminſter Hall, does not always aſcend to high water mark in Saint Stephen's Chapel, where an abrupt DISCONTINUANCE has *repeatedly* damm'd its flow.——This Rhetorical En-dam-agement was ſenſibly felt when the Correſpondence with Ld. Grenville reſpecting the Negociation for Peace at Paris was ſubmitted to the Houſe: at which juncture the Barriſter's Elocution, encountering a qualm of conſcience or a twiſt of the cholon, he dropp'd as ſuddenly as the ſinged ſtick of a ſky-rocket, upon the green baize bench, having with difficulty articulated, like Lear's unnatural daughter, "SICK, SICK, OH SICK!!— This excited ſuch a *ſickening ſympathy* among the Members near him, that our Orator might have, not unſeaſonably, implicated them in *his diſorder* with a "SIC VOS!"—eſpecially as H—RE, the neareſt of them, immediately replied: "Sick! Never mind that! Go on ——I HAVE BEEN SICK, EVER SINCE YOU BEGAN.

Yet ev'ry Doctor 's but a dunce
To Him who kills and cures at once,
The Conſtitution in a breath
Recruits by bleeding it to death.——
Reſolve, H**NE T**KE, this paradox!
(For, proof againſt Old Bailey ſhocks,
What nobler triumph couldſt thou boaſt,
Unleſs to fill th' important poſt
Of *Meaneſt Private* in the bands
Of Maudlin cits whom F*x commands *
A Bankrupt Cauſe and Cheſt to aid;——
ILLUSTRIOUS CHIEF OF WHIG-BRIGADE!——
Thou who, by ſuch a General led,
Wouldſt dye thy caſt-off black coat red,
Shoulder thy firelock and take aim
At Monarchy, the nobleſt game,

* Such are the doctrines of Mr. HORNE TOOKE, and he is the man who declares that from Mr. Fox he has "*nothing more to aſk, nothing more to expect; and that it will be the utmoſt of his ambition to be the* MEANEST PRIVATE *in thoſe ranks which* Mr. Fox *ſhall command.*"

The Country cannot be too often reminded of THIS UNION and of the Principles upon which it is founded.

Anti-Jacobin. April 9, 1798.

And

And neither conſcience-ſtruck nor ſorry,
Search through the ranks thy Royal Quarry.*—
Oh deign to ſtate with juſt preciſion
(Reveal'd to thy prophetic viſion
And current in anticipation)
The Sum, exceeding calculation,
Of Public Happineſs accruing
From UNDISTINGUISHABLE RUIN!
Shew how the wreck of ranks and orders
Shall give us peace in all our borders—
And bleſt Equality repay us
If we convert the realm to Chaos—
Shew how, in cutting off a Crown'd Head
The Rights of Citizens are founded!

* It was thought a daring expreſſion of Oliver Cromwell in the Time of Charles the Firſt, that if he found himſelf placed oppoſite to the King in battle, he would diſcharge his piece into his boſom as ſoon as into any other man's. I go farther; had I lived in thoſe days, I would not have waited for chance to give me an opportunity of doing my duty; I would have *ſought him through the ranks*, and, without the leaſt perſonal enmity, have diſcharged my piece into his boſom *rather* than into any other man's. J. H. Tooke's Letter to Junius.

Shew us how Freedom ſanctions Slaughter,
And changes Blood to Holy Water!
As Spain's Jack Ketch of antient date,
When Carlos quarrell'd with his fate,
Admoniſh'd him;—"Pray, Sir, be ſteady;
"'Tis FOR YOUR GOOD THAT I BEHEAD YE!"

Let none contemn as tainted traſh
This dainty Reformation-Haſh,
Much leſs our Whig-Archimagirus
To ſet us down to 't ſo deſirous:
But join to eulogize H**NE T**KE,
And freely own One Brentford Cook
Who welcomes us to ſuch GOOD THINGS
Is worth a brace of Brentford Kings;
And, 'though our Beef he 's gallimaufry'd,
Swear 'tis the beſt we ever ſáw fried!

Yet ſince Fried Cabbage, or, what 's worſe
To ſome folks, Fricando of Verſe
From brain of Poet reeking hot, is
Likely to parch the epiglottis

Of

Of patient Readers, who neglect
Red Lane aduſted to humect:
Let me an Antidote ſuggeſt
Which all allow—" probatum eſt."—
Of old Oporto Bumpers nine
Quaff to the Muſes' healths and mine!
Thus prim'd I'll ſet before you ſoon
A SECOND COURSE to th' ſelf-ſame tune.——
Cheaper you 'll no where read or eat;
Since HALF-A-CROWN defrays your treat:
Of which for *Paper wove and preſs'd* are
Two Shillings paid, for Wit a Teſter.
And, as plump Cits with Brandy chooſe
To qualify roaſt pig and gooſe,
'Tis my preſcription; " Let a Dram be
" Taken cum REPETITA CRAMBE!"——

END OF THE FIRST PART.

17 JY60